#### 李爷给哈哈哈哈哈哈哈哈哈哈哈哈哈哈哈哈哈哈哈哈哈哈哈 When Greek Meets Greek.

By MORGAN ROBERTSON

"Thrice is he armed that hath his quar-

-Josh Billings. Captain William Belchior was more than a martinet. He was known as "Bucko" Belchior in every port where the British language is spoken, having earned this prefix by the earnest readiness with which, in his knocking down, tricing up and working up sailors who displeased him. With a blow belaying-pin, had sprung alone into a circle of brandisting sheath-knives and queiled a He was short, broad, beetlebrowed and gray-eyed, of undoubted courage, but with the quality of sympathy left out of

During the ten years he had been in command he was relieved of much of the execu-tive work that had made him famous when he stood watch, but was always ready to ratify his reputation as a "Bucko" should friction with the crew occur past the power of his officers to cope with. His ship, the Wiimington, a sky-sail-yard elipper, was rated by sailor men as the "hottest" craft under the American flag, and Captain Belchior himself was spoken of by consuls and commis-eloners, far and near, as a man peculiarly unfortunate in his selection of men, for never a passage ended but that he was up as complairant against one or more heavilyironed and badly used-up members of his

His officers were, in the language of one of these defendants, "o' the same breed o' dorg." None others could or would sign with him. His crews were invariably put on board in the stream, or at anchorage never at the dock. Drunk when corred by the boarding masters into signing the ship's articles, kept drunk until delivery (for no sober men able to run would join her), they were drivers or hoisted up the side like ani-mals—some in a stupor from drink or drugs some tied hand and foot, struggling and cursing with returning memory and reason Equipped thus, the Wilmington, bound for Melbourne, discharged her tug and pilet off Sandy Hook one summer morning and with a fresh quartering wind and raising sea, headed for the southeast. The day was spent in geiting her sail on and in the "licking into shape" of the men as fast as they recovered their senses. Outles and missiles flew about the deck, kneck-downs were frequent, and by eight bells in the evening, when the two mates chose the watches much as boys choose sides in a ball game—the vallors were well convinced that their masters lived aft.

Three men, long-haired fellows, sprawled on the main hatch, helpless from seasickness, were left to the last in the chosing and then hustled into the light from the nearby galley door to be examined. They had been dragged from the forecastle at the mate's call for "All hands." "Call yourselves able ceamen, I suppore,"

he said with an oath, as he glared into their woebegone faces.
"No, pard," said the tallest and oldest of the three in a weak voice; "We're not rea-men; we don't know how we got here

The mate's answer was a fist blow under the ear that went the man headlong into the scuppers, where he lay, quiet.

"Say 'sir' when you speak to me, you bandy-legged farmers," he enarled, glowering hard at the other two, as they clung to end leaned against the water tank. pard to none of ye.' They made him no answer and he turned away in contempt. "Mr. Tomm." he called,

want these Ethiopians in your watch?" "No, sir," said the second mate; "I don't want 'em. They're no more use than a spare

"I'll make 'em useful 'fore I'm done with m. Go forward—you three. Get the bile out o' yer gizzards 'fore mornin' 'f ye value yer good looks." He delivered a vicious kick at each of the two standing men, bawled out: "Relieve the wheel an" lookout-that'll do the watch" and went aft. while the crew as isted the seasick men to the forecastle and into three bedless bunks -bediess, because sallors must furnish their own and these men had been 'shanghaied."

The wind died away during the night and they awakened in the morning with their seasickness gone and appetites raven-ous. Somber and ominous was their bear-ing as they silently ate of the breakfast in the forecastle and stepped out on deck with the rest in answer to the mate's roar: "All hands spread dunnage." Having no dun nage but what they wore, they drew off toward the windlass and conferred together while chests and bags were dragged out on deck and overhauled by the officers for whisky and sheath-knives. What they found of the former they pocketed, and of the latter, tossed overboard.

"Where are the canal drivers?" demanded the chief mate, as he raised his head from the last chest; "where are our seasick gen-tlemen, who sleep all night—what—what," he added, in a stutter of surprise. He was looking down three eight-inch

barrels of three heavy Colt revolvers, cocked and held by three scowling, sunburned men, each of whom was tucking with diaengaged left hand the corner of a shirt into a waistband, around which was strapped a belt full of cartridges.
"Hands up," snapped the tall man;

"hands up, every one of ye. Up with 'em-



DANCE! DANCE, YE WHITE-LIVERED

over yer heads. That's right." The pistols wandered around the heads of the crowd wandered around the heads of the crowd and every hand was elevated.

"What's this? What d'ye mean? Put those pistols down. Give them up. Lay aft, there, some o' ye, and call the captain." blustered the mate with his hands held high. Not a man stirred to obey. The scowling faces looked deadly in carnest.

'Right about, face," commanded the tall in. "March, every man. Back to the

\*\*\*\*\* voice, "now for a button." Another builds sped, which cut from his cost the button nearest his heart.

"Come down from therecome down," said the voice he had heard, "Next shot goes home. Start, while I count drop, One-two-." Captain Belchior learended the steps—"hands up same as the rest." Up went the captain's hands. Such marksmanship was beyond his philosophy. "Pache" went on the scales." "So no there 'Pache," went on the speaker, "go up there and get the guns be wanted." The steward, and get the guns he wanted." days as second and chief mate, he would with two bright revolvers in his hands, was whirl belaying-pins, heavers and hand-spikes met at the companion batch by a man with about the decks, and by his success in but one; but that one was so big, and the hand which held it was so steady that it is no matter of surprise that he obeyed the terse command: "fork over, handles first." of his fist he had broken the jaw of a man | The captain's nickel-plated pistols went into helplessly ironed in the 'tween-decks, and on the same voyage, armed with a simple faced steward, poked in the back by the muzzle of that big firearm, marched down

to the main deck and joined the others. "Go down that place, 'Pache,' and chare out any one else ye find," called the leader from behind the crowd. "Bring 'em all down here." 'Pache descended and reappeared with a frightened cabin boy, whom, with the man at the wheel, he drove before him to the steps. There was no wind and the ship could spare the helmsman.

"Now, then, gentlemen," said the tall

men to turn this boat 'round, With his face working convulsively Cap-tain Beichior glanced at his captors—at h's eager, waiting crew-at the wheel without a helmsman-at a darkening of the water on the starboard bow to the southward-up aloft, and back again to the three frowning

muzzles so close to his head,
"One hand to the wheel-square in main and cro'-jack yards," he called. He was

With a hurrah which indicated the sin-cerlty of these orders the crew sprung to obey them, and with fore yards braced to starboard, and head sheets flat, the ship Wilmington paid off, wore around, and bringing the young breeze on the port quar-ter, steaded down to a course for Sandy Hock which the captain, with hands re-leased but still under the influence of these threatening pistols, worked out from the mate's dead-reckoning. Then he was plnged again, but allowed to pace the deck id watch his ship, while the two officers were kept under the rail, sometimes stepped upon or kicked, and often admonished on the evil of their ways. Early passengers on the East river ferry

boats were treated to a novel sight next norning, which they appreciated according o their nautical knowledge. A lofty ship, with sky-sails and royals hanging in the buntlines, and jibs tailing ahead like flags, was charging up the harbor before a humever a fresh tug arrived alongside, little white clouds left her quarter-deck, and that tug suddenly sheered off to take a position in the parade astern. Abreast of Governor's Island topgallant halyards were let go, as



"HANDS UP!"

from behind. Plug the first man He mounted the steps to the quarterdeck

and as he replaced empty shells with cartridges, looked down on them with a serene smile on his not ill-looking face. His voice, except when raised in accents of command, had in it the musical, drawling. plaintive tone, so peculiar to the native Texan—and so deceptive. The other two. younger and rougher men, looked, as they glanced at their victims through the sights of the pistole, as though longing for the word of permission to riddle the ship's company with bullets.
"You'll pay dearly for this, you infernal

cut-throats," spluttered the captain; this is piracy."
"Don't call any names, now," said the tall

man; 'tain't healthy. We don't want to hurt ye, but I tell ye seriously, ye never were nearer death than ye are now. It's a risky thing—and a foolish thing, too, gentlemen, to steal three American citizens so far from land as this. Hangin's the fit and proper punishment for hoss-stealin'.

s so great a crime that I'm Now, we don't know much ropes—though we can tie a hangman's knot when necessary—but we do know somethin' 'bout guns and human natur'—here, you, come 'way from that fence." The captain was edging toward a belaying-pin, but the speaker's voice had lost its plaintiveness, and three tubes were looking at him. He drew inboard and the leader resumed:

'Now, fust thing-who's foreman o' this Who's boss?' "I'm captain here.

"You are. You are not. I'm captain. Get up on that shanty." The small house over the mizzen hatch was indicated, and Captain Belchior climbed it. The tubes were still looking at him.

"Now, you, there-you man who hit me last night when I was sick, who are you and Mate.

"Up with you, and don't cuss. You did cowardly thing, pardner—an unmanly ning. You don't deserve to live any longer, ut my darter back here at school thinks I've killed enough men for one lifetime— mebbe she's right. Anyhow, she don't like it, and that lets you out—though I won't answer for 'Pache and Laramie when my back's turned. You kicked 'em both. But answer for 'Pache and Laramie when my back's turned. You kicked 'em both. But I'll just return the blow." The mate had but straightened up on top of the hatchhouse, when the terrible pistol spat out another red tongue, and his yell followed the report, as he clapped his hand to the ear through which the bullet had torn. "Hands up, there." Thundered the shooter.

"Hands up, there," thundered the shooter, and the mate obeyed, while a stream of blood ran down luside his shirt collar. "Any more booses here?" The second mate did not respond, but 'Pache's pistol sought him out, and under its influence, and his

guttural "I know you; get up," he followed his superiors. "Any more?"

A manly looking fellow stepped out of the group and said: "You've got the captain and two mates. I'm Bosun here, and yonder's my mate. We're next, but we're not bosses

in the way o' being responsible for any-thing that has happened or might happen to you. We b'long forrard. There's no call to shoot at the crew, for there's not a man among 'em but 'ud be glad to see you get ashore, and get there himself." "Silence, Bosun," bawled the captain. But

the voice of authority seemed pitifully ludicrous and incongruous, coupled with the captala's position and attitude, and every face on the deck wore a grin. The leader noticed the silent merriment, and said:

"Laramie, I reckon these men "Il stand. You can come up here. I'm gettin' "long in years and kinder steadyin' down, but I s'pose you and 'Pache want some fun. Start yer whictle, and turn loose."

Up the steps bounded Laramie, and with a ringing whoop as a prelude, began whistl-

ing a clear, musical trill, while 'Pache,' growling out: "dance, dance, ye white-livered coyotes," sent a bullet through the outer edge of the chief mate's boot heel. "Dance," repeated Laramie between bars of the music. 'Crack, crack,' went the pistols, while bullets rattled around the feet of the men on the batch, and Laramie's whistle rose and fell on the soft morning

The eun, who had looked on many scandslow: sights, looked on this, and hid his face under a cloud, refusing to witness. For never before had the ethics of ship board life been so outrageously violated. A squat captain and two six-foot officers, nearly black in the face from rage and exertion, with hands clasped over their heads, hopped and ekipped around a narrow stage to the accompaniment of pistol reports har-moniously disposed among the notes of a whiatled tune, while bullets grazed their other end o' the boat. Laramie, take the other side and round up anybody ye see.

Now, gentlemen, hurry."

Away went the protesting procession, and.

tery and up the East river, craft of all kind getting out of her way-for it was obvious that something was wrong with her—unti rounding slowly to a starboard wheel, with canvas ratiling and running gear in highto, she headed straight for a slip partly filled with canal boats. Then her top-sall halyards were let go and three heavy yards came down by the run, breaking across the capa. and, amid a grinding, creaking and crashing of riven timbers and a deafening din of applauding tug whistles she plowed her way into the nest of canal boats and came to a

Then was a hegira. Down her black sides by ropes and chain-plates, to the wrecked and sinking canal boats, some with bags or chests, some without, came sailor-men who climbed to the dock, and answering no questions of the gathering crowd of dock loungers, scattered into the side streets, while three men appeared on the rail who shook their fists and swore, and shouted for

pers, gathered in that day nearly all of this derelict crew-even to a cautious boatswain -who were promptly and severely punished for mutiny and desertion. But the later de-velopments failed to show that the three dark-faced men were ever seen again.

#### IN THE GAS OFFICE.

He Had Come to Gloat Over the Com

There was a look of joy about his face as he went into the gas office that made the man behind the counter glad in his soul. relates the Washington Star. It was so dif ferent from the expression which visitors ordinarily wore. He walked to one window and then to another and stood around and

"Can we do anything for you?" the clerk nguired.

Go right ahead with your busi Don't mind me. "If you came to get warm," the clerk suggested, "the heater is over on that side

"I didn't come to get warm. There's genial glow through me that makes external heat entirely unnecessary. I had a few spare minutes and I came here to gloat."
"Over whom?" was the surprised inquiry

"Over the company."
"I-I must say I don't quite understand

"I suppose I'd better explain it. It's too good to keep. But I get so much enjoyment out of it that you'll have to excuse me if I tell it slow, so as to make it last longer. Your people are very particular about your "Of course. We have to be."

"You've got it down so you can measure the extra pressure that occurs all through the city if one of the workmen happens to ough in your gas factory."
"We haven't got it quite so close as that,

but we've done our best to protect our in "Well, I had occasion to have a sanitary plumber in my house yesterday. He's the man that made the discovery. He informed me that there was a whole lot of sewer gas in my house that you never discovered You didn't have any arrangements for measuring it in the meter and it got clear past you. I'm not naturally vindictive, but I couldn't resist the temptation to come around and tell you about it and make you

#### RELIGIOUS.

Laval university of Quebec has conferred the degree of Doctor of Divinity upon Rev. Thomas J. Conaty, rector-elect of the Cath-

olic university. Rev. Dr. Benjamin L. Agnew, pastor of the Bethlehem Presbyterian church of Phila-delphia, has been elected secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Ministerial Relief. One of the most eminent colored men in he south is Rev. Dr. J. W. E. Bowen, prothe south is Rev. Dr. J. W. E. Bowen, pro-fessor of theology at Gammon university, Atlanta. He was born in New Orleans, but was educated at the north, and holds the degree of Ph. D.

It is expected that the German emperor will visit Jerusalem next spring, probably at Easter, to be present at the consecration of a Lutheran church there. The church is to crected on the ground given by the sultan to the late emperor, the kaiser's

Dalma Pala, a native-born priest of India, who is traveling throughout this country in the interests of the Maha Buddh society, organized to introduce and promote the spread of Buddhism in America, is the guest of Rev. H. M. Simmons, pastor of the First Unitarian church, Minneapolia.

Unitarian church, Minneapolla.

The cardinal archbishop of Paris has appointed Pere Ollivier, the famous Dominican preacher, to the post of Lenten preacher at Notre Deme, vacant by the death of Monsignor d'Hulst, thereby continuing the tradition which connects the great order of "Preaching Friars" with the cathedral putpit. Pere Ollivier, who is already well known in Paris has the requisition of a quarter of Away went the protesting procession, and joined by the carpenter, sallmaker, donkeyman and cook, 'rounded up' from their sanctums by the man called Laramie it had reached the main hatch before the captain pacing the quarterdeck, was aware of the disturbance. With Captain Belchior, to think was to act. Springing to the cabin skylight he shouted: "Steward, bring up my pistols. Bear a hand. Lower your weapons, you scoundrels. This is rank mutiny."

A pistol spoke and the captain's hat left of the deck, the leader stopped the carpenter stopped the entertainment.

The cardinal archbishop of Paris has appointed Pere Ollivier, the famous Dominical Pere Ollivier, the famous Dom

#### Current Literature

HER TENEDONE THE TENEDONE TENEDONE "Life's Cateway; or How to Win Real Success," by Emily S. Bouton, contains a series of simple talks that have appeared from time to time in the Toledo Blade. The author claims for them nothing new, being only the reiteration of truths as old as humanity itself. Their trend is toward stimulating the mind to a higher plane of desire than the mere such for material prosperity. Arena Publishing company, Bos-

"McKinley's Masterpieces" contains a series of selections from the public addresses in and out of congress of Major McKinley Following a biographical sketch of the next president the selections appear under respective departments: lican Party," "The Protective Tariff," "The Purity of the Ballot," "Finance," "The In-terests of Labor," "Religion," "Memorial Patriotism." "Eulogies" 'Miscellaneous Addresses." Joseph Knight ompany, Boston,
"That First Affair and Other Sketches,

by J. A. Mitchell, consists of fine brilliant fancies, some more or less pathetic and some enlivened with a vein of humor and bristling with the keenest satire. "That First Affair," with which the book opens, as might be surmised, is the old, old story of the first ming southerly breeze, followed by an be surmised, is the old, old story of the first elbowing crowd of puffing, whistling, snub-experiment in courtship between Mr. Adam nosed tugs. It was noticeable that when and Miss Eve. Of course, this story is a "Now, then, gentlemen," said the tall were those of the jibs, but no clewing up or leader, "I reckon we're all here. Keep yer hauling down was done, nor were any men hands up. We'll have a pow-wow. 'Pache, seen on her forecastle deck getting ready stay up there, and you, Laramie, cover 'em lines or ground tackle. She passed the Battalking skylark to the big icthyosaurus, the long day before getting rid of that unlucky thirteenth rib, is a powerful extenuation for his unfortunate part in the tragedy that en-sued. The introduction of the tempter into the scene and the final ejection of the couple are skillfully wrought and the colloquial parts are full of wit. The description of "Mrs. Lofter's Ride," exceedingly laughable, is a strong satire on the pretensions of caste. "A Bachelor's Supper" is a brief tale, sad and pathetic, throbbing with tender senti-Charles Scribner's Sons, New York

> The subject of success in life is one that is always interesting, particularly to aspiring youth, and a few words upon this theme are never amiss. In Prof. William Matthews' Getting On in the World, or Hints on Suc cess in Life," a work that has gone through many editions, we have what might be viewed as a highly entertaining series of es says on the various phases of this universal problem. No new philosophy of life is pre-sented, no new ideas extended, no new key to fortune is forged; but rather the trodder paths are followed, possibly made more distinct and unquestionably made more interesting and instructive by the remarks of the ruide, who clearly illustrates his point brough the narration of pertinent incidents largely drawn from history. A conception of the scope of the work may be derived from the chapter headings, among which are: "Good and Bad Luck," "Choice of a Profession," "Physical Culture," "Concentration, or Oneness of Aim," "Self-Reliance," "Originality in Aims and Methods," "Attention to Details." "Proceedings of Particular Contracts tention to Details," "Practical Talent," "Decision," "Manner," "Business Habits," "Self Advertising," "The Will and the Way," "Re-served Power," "Economy of Time," "Money, Its Use and Abuse," "True and False Success" and "Mercantile Failures." Foresman & Co., Chicago.

> Some exceptionally tender and pathetic verses have been written in "The Strike and Other Poems," by George Benson Hewet son. "The Strike" is a Christmas tale and is well adapted for public readings, compar-ing favorably with these from our choice G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

"Primitive Buddhism: Its Origin and Teachings," by Elizabeth A. Reed, A. M. is a work aiming "to present in as brief a manner as is consistent with accuracy the authoritative teachings of primitive and genuine Buddhism." The necessity for such a work, the author maintains, exists for the reason "that theories have been advocated as the doctrine of Buddhism of which its founda risky thing—and a foelish thing, too, the police, calling particularly for the apgentlemen, to steal three American citizens
with guns under their shirts, and take 'cm
with guns under their shirts, and take 'cm
fellows with big hats.

the police, calling particularly for the apprehension of three dark-faced long-haired
made upon the modern platform which could
fellows with big hats. fellows with big hats.

In the light of later developments it was known that the police responded, and with the assistance of boarding house runmore substance runmore subst under the priestly tyranny of Brahmanism. In China and Japan, however, its influence, she contends, has not been peneficial. The

a thorough familiarity with the subject Scott Foresman & Co., Chicago.
Fiona Macleod, whose short tales of Celtic life have found such favor because of their wonderful insight into nature's varied moods and the weird, mystic flavor permeating all has written a longer story, "Green Fire," in which the prevailing characteristics of her less ambitious efforts may be noticed. The pening chapter reflects with enchanting skill the beauties of the earth in its springtime growth. "Everywhere the green rhythm ran, mays the author, and "day by day the wind wings lifted a more multitudinous whisper from the woodlands." This romance of Brittany pulsates with ever-recurring freshness of nature's great throbbing heart and of human passion beats. To one fond of folk-lore a responsive chord may be struck in the perusal of "Green Fire." Miss Macleod shows a thorough sympathy with and close ob-servation of the legends of her people. Harper & Bros., New York. Megcaths.

BOOKS RECEIVED. Rand, McNally & Co., New York: "An Arkansas Planter," by Opie Read. Cloth; Arena Publishing company, Boston: "Son-nets," by Albert J. Rupp. Paper; 25 cents. F. Tennyson Neely, New York: "Boto Bart, Politician," by Joe Mitchell Chapple. Pa-

per; 50 cents.
Laird & Lee, Chicago: "Stephenson's Practical Test and Ready Reference Book for Engineers. Firemen, Electricians and Machinists," by Otto Stephenson. Cloth; \$1. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York: "The Sub-stance of His House." Poems. By Prosses

Hall Frye. Cloth; 198 pages. MEGEATH STATIONERY CO., OMAHA The Century company, New York: Shadow Show, by P. S. Newell, Boards, Shadow Show, by P. S. Newell, Boards, 12 pages. "The Swordmaker's Son," by William O. Stoddard. Cloth; \$150, "Break o' Day," by George Wharton Edwards. Pocket edition. Cloth; 163 pages. "The Metropolitans," by Jeanie Drake. Cloth; \$1.25. "Daphne, or the Pipes of Arcadia." Cloth; \$1.25. "Ranch Life and the Hunting Cloth; \$1.25. "Ranch Life and the Hunting Trail." by Theodore Roosevelt. Cloth; \$2.50. D. Appleton & Co., New York: "Fellow Travelers," by Graham Travers. Paper; 50 cents. "Master Ardick Buccaneer," by F. H. Costello. Paper; 50 cents. "The Story of the Mine," by Charles Howard Shina. Cloth; \$1.50. "The Little Regiment," by Stephen Crene. Cloth; \$1. "Christine's Career," by Pauline King, Cloth; \$1.50. "The Wampum Belt; or "The Fairest Page in History," by Hezskiah Butterworth. Cloth; \$1.50. "The Principles of Sociology" (vol. ill), by Herbert Spencer. Cloth; \$45 pages. "The

\$1.50. "The Principles of Sociology" (vol. 11), by Herbert Spencer. Cloth; 645 pages. "The Story of Architecture," by C. T. Matthews. Cloth; \$3. "The Complete Bachelor," by the author of the "As Seen by Him." Papers. Cloth; \$1.25.

Lee & Shepard, Boston: "The Resebud Club," by Grace Le Baron. Cloth; 75 cents.

"Give me the Luxuries of life and I will do without its necessities," said John Lothrop Motley. Both a luxury and—when you know it thoroughly-a neces-

Liebig Company'S EXTRACT OF BEEF Yet it is as economical as it is delightful. Useful in so many

"Tecumsch's Young Braves," by Everett T. Tomlinson. Cloth; \$1.50, "Four Young Explorers," by Oliver Optic. Cloth; \$1.25. "On the Staff," by Oliver Optic. Cloth, \$1.25. On the Staff," by Oliver Optic. Cloth, \$1.50. "A Manual for China Painters," by Mrs. N. Di R. Monachesi. Cloth; \$1.25. "The Morry Five," by Penn Shirley. Cloth; 75 cents. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York: "How Charles Scribner's Sons, New York: How to Listen to Music," by Henry Edward Krch-biel. Cloth; \$1.25. "Children Stories in American Literature," by Henrietta Chris-tian Wright, Cloth; \$1.25. "Women of Colonial and Revolutionary Times," by Mercy

Otis Warren, Cloth; \$1.25. "Jesus Christ Before His Ministry," by Edmund Staffer, Cloth; \$1.25. "Hunting," by various authors.

Neuralgia is the prayer of the nerves for pure blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the One True Blood Purifier and nerve builder. WILD MULES IN MONTANA.

Story of the Strange Herds in the Bitter Root Valley. Almost any one may own a horse in Mor ana. If he has not the \$5, \$10, \$20 or \$50 necessary to pay for the blood and culture with which any particular animal may be endowed he may, if he has the necessary agility, go out on the range and take one, for there are plenty, that don't belong to

any one cise. Since the price on horses fell below the paying point, writes a correspondent, many ranchmen have neglected branding their stock or keeping any track of it, and, in fact, there have been a good many local ef forts made by the owners themselves to ex-terminate or drive the horses off the immediate ranges that there might be better grass for cattle and sheep. It is very repulsive business, to a western man more especially than any one else, to shoot a horse, and a man who is capable of it is regarded with rather more circumspection than one who has killed his man.

So, being protected by a spark of senti-

the herds of wild or maverick horses

ere rapidly increasing, and a right royal breed of animals they are. When the business was good, a few years back, the Montana breeders were the most energetic and progressive of any in the west. They bought sires of thoroughbred and trotting blood in Kentucky and turned them loose with their herds.
Others who desired size rather than enlurance went to Himois and Canada and purchased great Norman and Clydesdale stal-lions. While the prices ruled high the two classes were bred separately, but of late years they have been allowed to run into one uniform and homogenous herd. The breed is of good height and strong-bo with lung power and endurance that are sug-gestive of the greyhound.

If conditions were to remain the same for, say, a period of thirty years longer, without any new admixture of blood it is reasonable to expect that these herds would gradually assume a uniformity of size, chape and color to as great an extent as is noted in any other wild animals.
"Did you ever hear of the wild mules of

the Bitter Root mountains?" asked a prospector the other day. I had never heard of them and the sug-gostion seemed a little bir woolly and west-ern, as mules, being without hope of posterity, have a very uncertain tenure of existence as a species, and I may have ex-

ressed skept.cism.
"But they are there, for I have seem hem," he continued. "I have seen huadreds of them-little, gray fellows, often about the color of buffa'o grass, and they are some wilder than an antelope. They are most too small and vicious to be worth bothering with, even if it were easier to catch them. They would like to associate with the horses, but mostly the stallions drive them off and they have to herd by them-selves. As the stockmen despise them they are kept pretty well scared back into the

"Where did they come from and how is where did they come from and how is the supply kept up?"
"Well, some of their ancestors and pro-genitors are still with them—Mexican burros, as wild as the little mules themselves. It began in 1879, when Wilson lest his drove of burros on the St. Mary fork of the Bitter

"He brought a pack-train of burros all the "He brought a pack-train of burros all the way from southern Colorado or New Mexico. It was at the time of one of the earliest discoveries of gold in the Coeur d'Alene mountains and when Wilson got the reports of the discovery and the rush he conceived the idea that he could make big money packing for the miners.

hired another man and well along in the season they started northward. They made their way slowly through Colorado and Wyo-ming into Montana, and about the 1st of December, after a pretty hard trip, they reached the Missoula river, where they got the first reliable news about the mines. They ascertained that the real value of the discoveries had been greatly exaggerated and that there was absolutely no demand for

a pack-train of any description.
"Then Wilson concluded to
Colorado. They started southwar Wilson concluded to return to They started southward and got as far as the St. Mary's when they were overtaken by a blizzard which continued several days. After the storm was over and they went to round up their donkeys they were able to find but three or four in

a whole day's search. "What's the use of trying to get back to Colorado? asked Wilson. These burros can probably pull through the winter here as well as anywhere, and when spring comes they will be worth something in Montana." "Then Wilson and his man took the few animals they had left and made their way

"Did he never try to round up his burros "I don't know about that, but anyway he never got them, and that accounts for the little wlid mules of southwestern Montana and Idaho. They seem to be providentially protected, somehow, and the number in-oreases every year."

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